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BY C. ADAMS.

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## FOR THE ENQUIRER.

## REMINISCENCE OF SPRING.

Once more with loving eye I hail thy face  
Delicious Spring-time, crowned with tender flowers;  
For thou dost call to mind that wayward time  
When, with the wild-birds' music tempted forth,  
I strayed in that dear vale where first I saw  
The sun come o'er the wooded hills to meet  
My heart—how like a spirit's was the glide  
Of the gay river, as it stole along  
The meadow fringed with cowslips, and with reeds.  
Now crested high with foam, and silent now  
As meditative hermit in his cell.  
O'er head the maple and the beech with arms  
Embracing, waved their locks in wantonness  
To vex the idle loiterer at their feet.

I dreamed, I dreamed of her, who by the bank  
Of that same stream, in her sweet home embower'd,  
Was even then as busy with my name  
In fancy as I was with hers—but this  
I could not know, and the uncertainty  
Made that day-vision restless. Oh that brow  
So perfect and so pure, that it might seem  
Some blest embodiment of poet's thought;  
And that large eye, as blue and luminous  
As the bright dwelling where the stars abide;  
Yet timorous as they when they behold  
Their silent faces nestling in the still  
And tranquil bosom of a summer lake  
At Wizard hour of evening—and that voice  
That even echo marred as she repeated  
To the grove—that voice that modulated  
Each tender tone more sweetly to my ear  
Than rival hearts might bear. Say who can blame  
That I did dream of her, unconscious all  
Of the gay presence of that silvery brook  
As were its waves of me. I was a boy—  
And at that spring-time hour my very thoughts  
Were intimations, and nought real was  
To me, save the dim and unsubstantial hopes.  
I could have died for her, and yet I loved  
Her not; for she was but the mirror where  
I saw in fancy's shadowy land the dear  
And witching forms that stretch their open arms  
To the embraces of romantic youth.  
She died: I wept upon her grave a tear,  
But not a lover's tear; and went away  
To smile, yet not forget her blest repose!

## FOR THE ENQUIRER.

## TO MISS H—, OF W—.

They say you're handsome, that your charms  
Are such as never fail to snare  
The tender heart, whose passion warms  
Nathless beauty's smile. I hope 'tis true;  
For long I've felt a dreary void  
Within my soul, which love's pure flame  
Might fill with pleasure unalloyed.  
But hold—I speak as if the same  
Were sure, as if no dreadful chances  
Of yielding up my willing heart  
To the tyranny of beauty's glances  
Were to be run—I'll cease at once  
To talk thus like a silly dunce,  
And in business style I will proceed,  
(Hoping 'twill give no offence,  
Of which I think there is no need,  
Since all will know it is pretence.)  
And I will be brief. 'Tis not my nature  
To be long about affairs like this;  
For in my philosophy this feature  
Stands for most—Hasten on your bliss.  
Well then, if you're as gay and pretty  
As I've been told by those who've seen you—  
As lovely, graceful and as witty—  
'Twould be my greatest joy to win you,  
And I swear I'll always keep my vows  
As true as rule or square or plummet,  
If you don't place your finger on your nose,  
And tell me that "I cannot come it!"

Plymouth, March 11. AMANT INCONNU.

## FOR THE ENQUIRER.

## TO —.

A wail is in the village, a wail of woe,  
It mingleth with the moaning wind and melting snow—  
Brave "leaves" mourns "Camilla's" fall, for her his  
She's "doffed her calicoes" for what? oh! speak  
It lay!  
Ye sympathizing youths, ye "village swains"  
Thou "modern Cicero,"  
Forbear to soil your "kerchief" white, your bloom to mar,  
By weeping so!  
Oh! spare the "windows of your mind," their fountains  
dry;  
For "tears" are only bright, when seen in beauty's  
eye!  
Make medicine, of "sweet revenge" to cure your  
grief, don't cry!  
You need some ballast in your head that towers  
so high,  
For brains you know, they never in your skull did  
lie,  
So weep no more, for fear your head will fall from  
your shoulders fly!!  
Washington, Ct.

LOVE.—If we could look into the heart of a girl  
when she first begins to love, we should find the  
nearest resemblance to what poetry has described  
as the state of our parents when in Paradise, which  
this life ever presents. All is then colored with  
an atmosphere of beauty and light; or, if a passing  
cloud sails across the azure sky, reflecting a transi-  
tory shadow on the scene below, it is but to be  
swept away by the next balmy gale, which leaves  
the picture more lovely for this momentary inter-  
ruption of its stillness and repose. But that which  
constitutes the essential charm of a first attachment  
is its perfect disinterestedness. She who enters  
into this sentiment, in its profoundest character,  
lives no longer for herself. In all her aspirations,  
her hopes, her energies—in all her noble daring,  
her confidence, her enthusiasm, her fortitude, her  
own existence is absorbed by the interest of another.  
For herself, and in her own character alone,  
she is, at the same time, retiring, meek and hum-  
ble—content to be neglected by the whole world—  
despised, forgotten or condemned—so that to one  
being only she may still be all in all. And this  
love to be slightly spoken of, or harshly dealt with?  
Oh, no, but it has many a rough battle to encounter  
yet, and many an insidious enemy to cope with, be-  
fore it can be stamped with the seal of faithfulness;  
and until then, who can distinguish the ideal from  
the true?—Mrs. Ellis.

Tale of a Transport.—Not five miles from the  
west end of London, a handsome house has been  
erected by a gentleman who keeps his carriage and  
is evidently well to do in the world. By a singular  
coincidence, that house was "barbarously enter-  
ed" about fifteen years ago, and the robber tried,  
convicted, and transported for the offence. That  
robber, however, it is a fact—that so great  
may be the attachment and love for a particular  
building in the human breast, that the now tenant  
and the former burglar are one and the same per-  
son!

## Letters from Abroad. . . No. VII.

From Mrs. C. of New-York, addressed to her chil-  
dren at the Young Ladies' School, Litchfield.

Linz is a pretty town with a population of about  
25,000, the capital of Upper Austria, and on the  
upper side of the Danube. Our Hotel is in the  
great market place, in the centre of which is a large  
handsome monument called the "Trinity Column,"  
placed there to commemorate the escape of the  
town from the threatened attacks of the Turks and  
the plague. The women here wear a very singular  
head-dress (shaped like a helmet) of gold tissue  
or black lace. Some wear black silk shawls tied  
about the head, with the ends falling down behind.  
We left Linz at 7 A. M., by railroad for Ischl,  
a German watering place much frequented during  
the summer by all the Court as well as all the  
"beau monde" of Austria, to bathe and drink the  
salt water of the mine as well as the sulphurous  
water of the springs of the mountains of the Salts-  
kammergut. It is a small place consisting princi-  
pally of Hotels and Lodging houses, Cafes and  
bathing houses, with a place similar to the one at  
Saratoga where they go before breakfast to drink  
the salt water and a species of whey made of milk  
and the salt water. Though the town (Ischl) is  
small its location is most delightful, situated in a  
richly cultivated valley, bounded on every side by  
immense high mountains. The eye in every direc-  
tion rests on the snow-clad chain of the Salzburg  
and Styrian Alps. Conspicuous among them is  
the Traunstein whose rugged face looks down, and  
sees itself reflected in the beautiful waters of the  
Traun Lake, one of the loveliest scenes which the  
Saltskammergut presents. On our way from Linz  
to Ischl we went a few miles off the road to see the  
falls of the Traun river, a beautiful and picturesque  
fall, which, though somewhat diminutive to Ameri-  
can eyes, was well worth a visit. The water falls  
from a height of 43 feet over a projecting ledge "a  
la Niagara," so that from the extreme end you may  
see behind the sheet of water falling over. Its  
waters I think are the most beautiful color of any  
I have ever seen, of a clear transparent "beryl  
green." By the side of the Fall, along the bank, is  
a curious wooden canal, an aquatic inclined plane  
or water railway, by which boats descend the Fall.  
The descent is made almost in the twinkling of an  
eye, and with perfect safety, though the boat is  
tossed and tumbled about not a little.

The railroad takes us into the town of Gmunden,  
a pretty town whose houses the guide book tells  
us look quite English, but in my opinion more A-  
merican, with their neat white exterior, green  
blinds and doors, and pretty grass plots and flowers  
in front. At this place we take a steamboat to  
cross the Traun lake, the approach to which is  
magnificent. The mountains rise one above another  
to a towering height in the form of an amphithe-  
atre, and the light feathery clouds of evening were  
veiling them from the base to the summit. As far  
as the eye could reach tall forest trees covered the  
sides of some, while others presented a bare and  
rugged face of stone, particularly the Traunstein,  
which has the appearance of having been cleft in  
twain. At Gmunden the streets were almost im-  
passable from the number of people gathered in  
them. It was a festive day, and all were attired in  
their holiday dress, the women in their prettiest  
helmets with gay colors, jacket, skirt, apron and  
shawl each different in color. The men in their  
black or yellow leather breeches, steeply crowned  
hats of green felt with a broad green ribbon band  
with sometimes a bouquet of flowers, and others with  
a bunch of feathers like the wing of a partridge—  
stuck with a jaunty air in the band a little one side.  
They all looked happy and merry, but I am sorry  
to say many of them were disguised by that hide-  
ous deformity the Goutre, caused it is said by drink-  
ing the melted snow waters of the mountains, the  
summits of most of them being covered with a per-  
petual snow, through which on the tops of some  
of the highest grows a pretty little flower which is  
gathered & brought to Ischl to sell. The Traun lake  
is about 5 miles long, its sides are one continued  
range of mountains, with here and there an open-  
ing, where smiles a lovely valley rich in vegetation.  
The waters of the lake, as well as the Traun river,  
are of the same beautiful green as the Fall. It is  
not so transparent as to admit of seeing the bottom  
like Lake George, but seems sufficiently cool and  
lucid to be drinkable. Near the center of the lake  
is a beautiful island on which is a chateau, a church  
and a chapel, shrine and crucifix, each placed on a  
separate knoll, rising one above the other, all painted  
white, which, contrasted with the rich green all  
about, has a pretty effect. There is a prettily at-  
tached to it similar to that of Hero and Leander,  
and which is also the subject of a German Poem.

As we neared the other extremity of the lake, we  
passed a number of rocks above the water on which  
were placed crucifixes, to which the Catholics pas-  
sengers with us took off their hats and inclined  
their heads. At the end of the lake we took an  
omnibus coach and passed through a continuation  
of the same beautiful mountain scenery, said to be equal  
to that of Switzerland. The road is on the banks of  
the Traun river all the way to Ischl, 12 miles.—  
There is an immense quantity of timber and lumber  
floated down this river. It is cut on the sides of  
the mountains, from whence they slide it down in-  
to the river, where the current is very strong and  
rapid, which takes it floating in this loose way to  
the lake; here long booms are fastened together,  
extending from the mouth of the river to the other  
extremity of the lake, one on either side, then an  
other across the lake collects it together, and so it is  
secured. The Saltskammergut, as it is called, is  
a mountainous country, in which mountains a  
vast quantity of salt abunds, and the name means  
"chamber money," equivalent to "pin money." It  
is the property of the Emperor, from which he re-  
ceives an immense income for his own private use,  
and for which he is not expected to account. The  
country all about this region abounds in beautiful  
and picturesque scenery, but we had not time to  
explore it. A lady who had spent three weeks in  
making excursions told me she had seen no less  
eleven lakes in the vicinity, and that on some of the  
mountains they had been in snow up to the breasts  
of their horses. Our Minister to Austria told me  
he had been on some of these mountains and looked  
down upon valleys where the snow was 100 feet  
deep. The mode of life at these springs is similar  
to that at Saratoga. The ladies rise betimes in the  
morning, walk to the saloon, where there is a boy in  
attendance to hand them whey or salt water as they  
choose. They take a few turns on the piazza of the  
saloon, or on an esplanade near by, where a band  
of music is stationed every morning for an hour.—  
They then take another glass which seems to suf-  
fice. They repair to their breakfast about 9.—  
Then some go to ride, some take a book or their  
work, and sit or walk in the esplanade, and others,  
whose health requires it take a bath, which is only  
done by order and with the prescription of a phy-  
sician, and which is diluted according to his direc-  
tion. They are either salt alone, salt and sulphur  
mixed, and a kind called mud baths, the draining,  
lime and sediment from the chambers of the salt  
mines. They have no gathering place within the  
hotels, they dine from 1 to 3, then ride or walk as  
they choose. Those who remain for a length of  
time make excursions into the mountains and there  
is very good fishing for gentlemen. There is also  
a theatre, and sometimes balls. We had the good  
fortune while here to see the Ex-Empress, Maria  
Louisa, daughter of the late Emperor Francis, and  
widow of Napoleon. We looked upon her as part  
of the history of Europe, and a great curiosity, tho'  
in fact, both in looks and character, she is very  
common place. She has been married three times.  
Of the second marriage there were three chil-  
dren, two of whom are living. Her third marriage  
is private, that is, not generally known. In these  
countries they have among the royal family a kind  
of left handed marriage called "morganatic" which  
does not allow the children of the latter to be heirs.  
The late King of Prussia had two wives at once,  
and both on good terms and of rank and station.—  
The Ex-Empress is 53 years old—old and ugly,  
and though rich as in state, and dresses very  
plainly. She was carried about in an open sedan

chair, and has a hotel for herself and suite and two  
soldiers as guards at the entrance. We likewise  
saw Prince Schwarzenberg the son of the  
Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies at the  
battle of Leipzig, and Prince Sherborn, son in law  
of Prince Metternich, both of whom were green  
steeple crowned hats with a heron's plume, and  
huge mustaches. We were also so fortunate as to  
see the Archduke Charles, the heir presumptive of  
the throne of Austria, and his son about 1 1/2 size,  
the heir apparent. Neither the King of Prussia or  
Saxony or the Emperor of Austria have any children,  
and the brother of each is heir to their respective  
thrones. These alt mines produce an immense quan-  
tity of salt. At one of the turn-outs on the railroad  
we counted 27 wagon loads, as large as any loads of  
barrels we see going to and from our mills, and at  
others apparently as many more. We saw at Ischl  
two peasants from the vale of Onseray, dressed in  
the Swiss style, white skirts, pretty aprons and  
tight fitting bodies, immense large brimmed hats  
with low flat crown and gay plaid streamers be-  
hind. We returned from Ischl to Linz, and from  
thence on the morning of the 1st September took  
steamer down the Danube to Vienna. We were de-  
tained in the boat for an hour on account of a thick  
fog, but as, when leaving, the sun came out, it dis-  
persed the fog, above we had a beautiful view of  
the citadel of Linz, with its towers and its beauti-  
ful chateau church and fortifications. The top of  
the mountain upon which they are placed was en-  
veloped in light fleecy clouds, the base in an im-  
penetrable mist, so there was nothing seen of it  
until the sun shining above brought out the citadel  
distinctly like la Chateau d'Espagne, literally "a  
castle in the air." The sail down the Danube to  
Vienna is very beautiful; high mountains on either  
side, with their sides covered with vineyards, ex-  
tending upwards till they are lost to the eye in the  
vegetation at the top. At their base are pretty  
parterres planted with melons, vegetables and vines  
wherever the slope will admit, and clusters of houses  
with their odd and antique looking churches  
and their unique, differing from every other we have yet seen.  
Beautiful monasteries, great of extent more like  
palaces than aught else, and convents equally mag-  
nificent, possessing as we were told the country a-  
round there for miles and miles.

There are very many ruins of castles, monaste-  
ries and churches, in different stages of dilapida-  
tion and decay. One of the most interesting as well  
as picturesque is the castle of Tenebreuse, the  
prison of "Richard Coeur de Lion," where he was  
kept in "durance vile" fifteen months by the treach-  
erous and vindictive Leopold of Austria. It is lit-  
erally a ruin, its fissured top standing in beautiful  
relief against the sky, perched as it is on the top  
most peak of a high hill, from the summit of which  
long lines of battlemented walls stretch themselves  
to the water's edge.

The navigation of the Danube is extremely diffi-  
cult. In some parts of the river there are rapid ed-  
dies and whirlpools, in passing which the boat  
seemed to struggle and bend as if hardly able to  
contend against such unequal and unusual tactics  
in aquatic warfare. At other times there were  
shoals so that her keel grated for a long distance a-  
gainst the pebbles at the bottom, and there was an  
eager and watchful suspense lest we should ground.  
It is said that the bars and shoals shift their posi-  
tion between the trips of the boat up and down, so  
that the captain has to depend on his judgment as  
well as upon his knowledge of the river. The cur-  
rent down is very strong, enabling the boat to go at  
the rate of sixteen or twenty miles an hour, and the  
voyage down is made in eight hours while they are  
twenty six going up. We reached the landing about  
3, but with the delay at the barrier by  
the Custom House officers, who are very strict,  
where we underwent the most rigid scrutiny and  
overhauling of our baggage, which is excessively  
annoying, and then going from one hotel to another  
before we could find lodgings, it was 9 o'clock be-  
fore we got settled.

Vienna is a charming city; and here too our  
"lucky star" has been in the ascendant, for we  
have seen the Emperor, and heard Strauss and his  
magnificent band, and Lanner too. They play  
somewhere every night, and we hear them fre-  
quently. Notwithstanding this is an absolute gov-  
ernment—the people governed by the Emperor,  
Metternich, and one other individual—they are very  
happy, contented and sociable people, and the  
sovereign very much beloved as was his father  
Francis Ist., "the Father of his People" as he is  
called. We find the better classes whom we meet  
in the public gardens very affable, courteous and  
conversable. Even the English have to allow that  
the people here seem all to be happier than in  
England, which to all other eyes is plain to be seen.

All the picture galleries of the palaces of the  
Emperor and Princes are open every day to the pub-  
lic, free of charge, save a small donation to the  
servant who takes charge of umbrellas, canes, &c.,  
and opens the doors of the different rooms. When  
Strauss or Lanner's bands play in the public gardens  
the entrance fee is eight cents for each person; at  
other times when inferior bands play you pay nothing  
to enter, but one of the band comes round with  
a box and you put in a copper or two, and as there  
are always crowds of people in the garden, the col-  
lection amounts to considerable.

Your next letter will probably be received by us  
at beautiful Venice, after we shall have completed  
our delightful excursion through Bavaria, the Tyrol  
and Switzerland, from which we are anticipat-  
ing great delight. To-night there is to be a great  
"fete" for Strauss's benefit, and a display of fire-  
works; and as we are among Germans we must do  
as Germans do. Once more I must say to little H.  
I drum away at the music, for since I have been in  
this musical country I think more of it than ever.  
Dear Cousin—yesterday (Sept. 9) we had the ex-  
quisite pleasure to receive yours, J's and H's let-  
ter. The news from all on that side of the Atlantic  
was good and satisfactory. It is only now and  
then in a blue mood, when I think over the possi-  
bility of never seeing our loved ones again, that I  
feel sadness and anxiety. Heaven bless and pre-  
serve them and their parents again to meet, is the  
prayer of their affectionate mother, H. A. C.

## CRYING CHILDREN.

If the "rising generation" can derive any great  
benefit from crying their eyes out, no reasonable  
person would seriously object to their squalling  
like so many furies. But there is no use in their  
doing so the whole of the time. And I believe  
that parents can do a great deal towards prevent-  
ing them from splitting their dear little throats ten  
times a day. Some folks actually teach their chil-  
dren to cry—some intentionally, I admit—but ef-  
fectually, and to all intents and purposes, notwith-  
standing. "There, my dear," said a kind mother  
for her little son, who had been bawling furiously  
for half an hour by the watch, stop crying, and  
mother will give him a nice lump of sugar." Little  
Johnny soon began to lower his voice, and his  
kind mother gave him the sugar according to prom-  
ise. Do you think that when he wanted another  
lump of sugar again, he did not know how to get it?  
—All he had to do, was to squall, and he was  
sure to get it. And this is the way the parents  
teach their children to cry. When they want any  
thing—no matter what—all they have to do is to  
squall, and they are sure to get it. The fact is,  
when a child cries for any such purpose, be sure to  
withhold what it wants, until you have convinced  
it that you will not yield. Wait—say nothing—  
keep cool till the storm is over; and when smiles  
take the place of tears and frowns, give it what  
you please, that is suitable, and no harm will be  
done. If the first trial does not answer, try again  
and again—keep on trying till you have conquered.  
And parents should be careful never to provoke  
children unnecessarily, and never show passion  
before them. A steady hand, and mildness, united  
with manifestations of regard for their feelings,  
parents to get along very pleasantly with their  
families. A great deal could be said on this sub-  
ject to advantage, perhaps, but a hint must suffice.

THE EARTH IS OUR WORK-HOUSE, but heaven is  
our store-house. Our chief business here should  
be to lay up treasure there.

Q.—We are indebted to the Middletown Consti-  
tution, for a copy of the confession of Hall, which  
is as follows:

## HALL'S CONFESSION.

About the middle of the week before the mur-  
der of Mrs. Livinia Bacon, I first resolved to go  
to Ebenezer Bacon's, to commit a theft. I knew  
he was a man of property and would probably have  
money, but I did not know of his having any par-  
ticular sum at the time. I knew that Mr. Bacon's  
family were in the habit of going to meeting, and  
on the evening of Saturday the 23d of September  
last, I resolved to go to Mr. Bacon's the next day  
if it was pleasant. No person ever spoke to me a-  
bout it, nor did I speak to any one. On Sunday  
morning, the 24th September, I got up and milked,  
and did other chores. Oakham Peck, my wife's  
brother, staid with me the night before. In the  
morning, after breakfast, he asked me if I would  
take a walk up part of the way with him; he was  
going to Kensington. I think I told him that I  
thought of going another way. Before this conver-  
sation I had killed a fowl in the door-yard, by  
cutting off its head. I think I had on no coat; I  
then had on my old clothes. After Mr. Peck left,  
I began to get ready to go away. My wife wanted  
to know where I was going. I refused to tell her;  
she remonstrated with me against going, and want-  
ed I should go to church with her.

I went away about 9 o'clock. I had on a green  
coat, sattin pants, worsted vest, and bombazine  
stock, the same that were exhibited in Court as  
having blood upon them.  
I went from East of Mr. Thrall's road up to Le-  
vi Yale's woods; through the woods to the road  
East of George P. Hull's house; then followed the  
road N. E. up near Mrs. Way's house; then through  
the lots South of Mr. Bevin's; then into the road  
Brown coming to the South; then into the road  
and crossed the bridge East of Mr. Bacon's; then  
across lots north of Moses Baldwin's, and East to  
the woods North of Whitfield Roberts; then  
through the lots near the Hickock place; then N. E.  
to a road at the foot of the mountain; then  
crossed to the North end of the mountain, through  
land owned by Mr. Seth Wilcox; then took the  
road leading East from the top of the mountain  
till I came near Mr. Lyman Clark's; where I cut a  
cane on the West side of Fall Brook. From this  
place I went across the brook up a hill and through  
the lots to the road just West of Ebenezer Bacon's  
barn, and then followed the road to his house. I  
should think it was not far from 11 o'clock when I  
got there. I went through the lots for the purpose  
of avoiding observation; and I saw no one except  
Mr. Brown and Thomas Whittlesey, who was going  
South and did not see me.

I stopped two or three minutes at the barn in  
sight of the house. I saw no smoke coming from  
the chimney, and the door of the ell part of the  
house was shut, which made me suppose the fami-  
ly had all gone to meeting. I then went into the  
West yard opposite the ell part of the house, and  
got into the window of the ell part, which was up.  
Then I went East into the kitchen, and from there  
into the S. W. front room. There was no person  
in either room, and I heard none in the house.  
I saw the desk in the front room from the kitchen,  
the door being open between. I then went to the  
desk. It was unlocked. I had opened the desk  
and was getting the money, when Mrs. Bacon came  
in. I did not hear her until she came in at the  
door. She came in at the kitchen door, the same  
one that I did. I do not know where she had  
been. She came up towards me. She had nothing  
in her hand. She first spoke, and I think she  
said, "Is this you, Mr. Hall?" I think I said, "I  
will kill you," and I caught up a chair. She said,  
"You are not going to kill me are you?" and she  
took up a rocking chair to defend herself. She  
screamed aloud two or three times. I think she  
said, "don't kill me." She retreated towards the  
kitchen door. I struck with the chair I held, and  
either knocked the rocking chair out of her hands  
or she let it fall. She then turned to run into the  
kitchen. I should think I then hit her with the  
chair in the back of the head, and then knocked  
her down. She got partway up, and I knocked her  
down again. This blow was on the side of her  
head; I think she did not get up again, but con-  
tinued to groan. I should think she rolled over on  
her back. The spot of blood nearest the door  
must be where she first fell. The next blow I  
gave was on her forehead. I should think this  
blow split the bottom of the chair. I then took  
another chair and struck her a number of times on  
her head, it might be three or four. I thought I  
still saw signs of life, and I went into the buttry  
and got the butcher knife that was found on the  
floor. I did this to make sure she was dead. I  
came back and stabbed her several times in the  
breast and stomach. I thought she breathed her  
last after the first stab. I then went back to the  
desk and finished getting the money.

It was during the struggle that I cut my hand.—  
It was with my own knife, which I had open when  
I came into the house. I had been using it to cut  
and whittle the cane. My knife, I recollect, fell  
on the floor, and I picked it up before I went away,  
thinking it might be found and betray me.

After the murder and before I went back to the  
desk, I went to the front door to see if any body  
was coming.  
When I first went into the house I laid the cane  
on a chair in the kitchen, near the door into the front  
room & I forgot to take it when I went away. I went  
out through the front door of the ell part. I had  
gone some ways before I remembered the cane, and  
then I was afraid to go back after it. I went back  
to Meriden as fast as I could. I took off my coat  
and carried it off my arm a part of the way. I  
stopped at Fall Brook and washed some of the  
blood off of my coat and pantaloons. I did not  
wash my bosom, there was no blood on it.

I returned by the same route I came till I was  
opposite Mr. Baldwin's; I then went through the  
lots North of the road to the woods East of Mrs.  
Thrall's barn. I should think I got back to the  
barn 10 or 15 minutes past one.

I hid the money in the barn all except six dol-  
lars, which I hid in the garret of Mrs. Thrall's  
house. I went to church in the afternoon. I stop-  
ped at the Congregational Church because it was  
the nearest, and I was afraid I should be too late at  
the other.

I never told my wife of this transaction or gave  
her the slightest reason to suspect any thing about it,  
but have always declared myself innocent to her;  
nor did I ever communicate it to any person  
until yesterday, when I first mentioned it to my  
cousel.

No person participated in the crime except my-  
self. Bell and Roberts are perfectly innocent. I  
did not see either of them that day. My acquain-  
tance with Bell was very slight, and I had not spoken  
to Roberts, as I recollect but once in eight  
years.

I have nothing more to say except that I most  
solemnly declare that I never intended to do any  
thing more than to get some money when I first  
went to the house of Mr. Bacon, and that the only  
motive I had to do the murder was to escape de-  
tection, because I knew that I was recognized by  
Mrs. Bacon.

I have been induced to make this confession at the  
suggestion of my counsel that it was my duty,  
if guilty, to exculpate the innocent men who are  
accused with me, and because this is the only a-  
ttainment I have in my power to make to them and  
to Mr. Bacon and his family for all they have suf-  
fered on my account. LUCIEN HALL.

Middletown, March 16, 1844.

This confession of Lucien Hall was made in our  
presence, and having been by us reduced to writ-  
ing, was signed by him the day and year above nar-  
red.

Middletown, March 17, 1844.

CHAS. C. TYLER, State Atty  
E. A. BULKLEY, Counsel for the  
ELIHU SPENCER, Prisoner, Hall.

A lawyer on his passage from Europe, observed  
a shark and asked a sailor what it was, who replied,  
"Here we call 'em sea lawyers."

## From the Cultivator.

## SPRING WORK.

There is no season in the year in which energy,  
activity, and good calculation is more requisite  
than the present. Animals of all kinds old and  
young, and particularly those intended for labor,  
demand increased care and attention. March is  
one of the most trying months for animals, as they  
are, as the saying is, "between hay and grass," and  
too often the supply of either they can obtain, is  
barely sufficient to support life. If farmers would  
consider the much greater quantity of milk, a cow  
will yield in a season that is in good condition in  
the spring, than one that has "been on life"  
through March or April, we are confident there  
would not be so many skeleton cows on our farms  
as there now are. If they would for one moment  
reflect that a large part of an animal's power of  
drabiles in his weight, and that where this is  
wanting, the animal must soon give way, they would  
feel the necessity of having their working stock,  
horses or cattle, at this season in good heart, their  
flesh sound and durable; and we should be spared  
the mortification of seeing so many poor and mis-  
erable teams in the field, at a time when all should  
be life and activity. To work well, an animal  
must be kept well; and the work, in nine cases  
out of ten, will be found best done, where the  
teams are in the best condition. You might as  
well expect that an Asiatic team, of a jackass and  
a woman yoked together, would break up the  
ground to the proper depth, as that a pair of scare-  
crow horses or oxen can do it. Never undertake  
to see on how little food your teams can subsist.—  
No better criterion is needed of the nature of man's  
cultivation of his grounds, than is afforded by his  
animals; and he who starves them will soon find  
his land will starve him. At this season of the  
year sheep require much attention, and will well  
repay it. Sheep are among our most profitable an-  
imals, and on the whole, require less care than  
most others, if the little they demand is given at  
the proper time. Look out for the lambs and the  
weak ones of the flock, and do not suffer a drove of  
hardy weathers to pick over and trample upon the  
fodder before the ewes and lambs can get a taste.

It is an important point in commencing work in  
the spring that every implement necessary should  
be at hand, and in first rate condition when want-  
ed. The good farmer has his house for his farm  
implements, as well as for himself or his stock,  
and is careful that all shall be put in their place, as  
fast as the season throws them out of use. In the  
winter, all are carefully examined, and the neces-  
sary repairs are made. The farmer who permits  
this work to pass until the implements are wanted  
in the field, will find that he must lose many valu-  
able hours, if not days, at the time when one, if  
lost, is with difficulty overtaken.

Mr. Horace Williams of East Hartford gathered  
from five Bellabon apple trees last fall, 160 bushels  
which were most of them sold in market at prices  
varying from 42 cents to \$1.50 per bushel. Mr.  
W. thinks that he realized from the above five  
trees at least \$100, equal in value to two hundred  
bushels of Northern Indian corn one year ago.

QUEEN VICTORIA—REPORTED INSANITY.—Let-  
ters from highly respectable sources in England,  
received in this city by the last arrival at New-  
York, intimate distinctly what has before been  
darkly hinted at, that the insanity which so long  
afflicted George III. is likely to prove hereditary in  
his grand-daughter, Queen Victoria. The symp-  
toms, it is said, are already apparent, producing as  
yet but little more than what the French term *le  
monter*, but giving rise to painful apprehensions of  
the result. The journeys of the Queen to Scot-  
land, France, and Belgium, and her frequent short  
tours in various counties of England, have been  
made, it is farther said, in the hope that a change  
of scene, and filling the mind with new thoughts,  
might break the distempered chain, and, if possi-  
ble, avert the threatened danger.—Com. Adv.

Go to Work.—There are hundreds of young men  
among us whose only resource against a destitute  
manhood and a disgraced old age, is the workshop  
or the farm. The learned professions are filled to  
overflowing—mercantile business is dull—and gov-  
ernment offices can be procured by but few, even  
in this age of politics. Therefore it is folly for  
every young man to aspire to the lot of living by  
"head work," and still greater folly for him to  
idle away the precious hours of youth, when he  
might be learning some useful trade, in the hope  
that something may turn up which will obviate  
the necessity of his soiling his delicate hands with  
labor. Few possess the talent requisite to succeed  
in the professions; and some of those who do had  
better embrace a productive occupation than run  
the risk of a failure by bringing their wares to a  
glutted market. How many young men who are  
expecting to "do great things" by-and-by, yet are  
doing nothing now, would make excellent farm-  
ers or mechanics, could they but conquer that  
false pride, which esteems carrying a green bag or  
retailing codfish, tape and shingle nails, more ho-  
norable than holding a plough, or wielding a ham-